

Masterpiece

by kolachess

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Summary: Nice is convinced Art is pregnant. Art is not amused.

Nice/Art. Crack. Mentions of the possibility of
mpreg.

Masterpiece

Author's Notes: I...don't really know where this came from. But it's crack on crack. Art and Nice are both extremities of their normal selves, but this is crack. Don't ask me...I don't know anymore.

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><p>~*~ Masterpiece ~*~

Art felt another wave of nausea hit him, causing him to empty the light oatmeal he thought he had managed to digest into the porcelain bowl in front of him. Honestly, it was oatmeal! There was nothing at all exciting about oatmeal!

He inhaled and exhaled deeply, shutting his eyes in an attempt to abate another onslaught. On one hand, he was tempted to let it all in one go. On another, he had doubts as to whether or not this torturous session would end even if he kept on up-heaving.

At least his hair was tied up, courtesy of Nice. That's about the only thing the latter's done so far that's been helpful.

"There, thereâ€|" Nice rubbed circles into his back sympathetically. "It's alright. It's a normal part of every pregnancy. I read it in the books."

Art glared at him. "For the last time, Niceâ€|I am not fucking _pregnant_. "

Nice just gave him a disbelieving look and said, "If you say so."

"I do say so, Nice! The only thing that a pregnant woman and I may have in common is that this problem originated with you," he accused frustratingly. "And not because of you screwing me seven ways to Sunday," he quickly added upon seeing the grin widen on Nice's face. He felt a brief moment of triumph as the grin fell into a pout, but it was short-lived when the next attack had him bending over the bowl again.

Art groaned. "I am never eating your cooking again, Nice."

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><p>Birthday spat out his drink. "Art's what?" he shrieked incredulously at the Sonic Minimum-holder, who seemed to completely disregard the other's reaction.

"He's been having morning sickness," Nice stated plainly. "I've been doing my best to help him, but he keeps pushing me away and denying that he is. It's kind of hard to help someone who's in denial," Nice pointed out with a sigh.

Birthday blinked. Then he squinted really hardly at Nice. "Niceâ€|you do realize Art is male, yeah?"

Nice smiled brightly. "Of course I do. I haven't been screwing him seven ways to Sunday withoutâ€"

"Ok I do not need to hear about that," Birthday interrupted holding up two hands in a surrendering gesture. "Nice. You do realize that out of all the people in this bar, I'm the one most likely to knock up someone, right? I'd put it at aboutâ€|.a thirty percent chance. Since I use protection. You, on the other hand, are at a zero. Because you only fuck men. Whose names are Art," Birthday reasoned as bluntly as he could.

"It's his Minimum," Nice said with a shrug.

Confusion took over Birthday's features. "Minimum?"

Nice nodded. "It's got to be. Think about it. How did Art graduate at the top of his class without having a Minimum manifest? Probably because it was a Minimum Facultas knew would manifest, but not at the time."

Birthday stared at him. "â€|so you came to the conclusion of him being able to bear children as the explanation," he finished disbelievingly.

"Hmmâ€|that is an interesting theory. Nice, do have more conjectures on this topic?" Ratio came up to them, hand stroking his chin thoughtfully.

"Don't encourage him, Ratio, oy! You're the fucking doctor here. Tell him it's not possible!" The blond gestured frantically at the

doctor.

"Birthday, it's not completely out of the question to consider that Art's Minimum abilities may take shape in some manner different from our own," Ratio reprimanded sternly.

Birthday gaped. "You're talking about growing a fucking womb, Ratio. Goddammit, did neither of you actually read up on anatomy? Having a baby isn't a superpower you can just get by enhancing something you don't have."

"Shhâ€|don't say that around Art, ok? I've heard that pregnant people can be very sensitive about others downplaying the motherhood process. I'll be very upset if you upset Art, got it?" Nice warned him with a hard look.

"Pregnant women. Pregnant women. Oh God. Am I the only normal one here? Murasaki! Don't just sit there!" He whipped around to find the other detective calmly sipping his tea and reading a magazine.

"Who knows," he answered in a bored tone. "With Nice fucking Art seven ways to Sundayâ€"

"Ok, can we please stop using that phrase? There are way too many biblical references in conjunction with the word 'fucking' that could possibly make me feel comfortable with it," the blond man pleaded desperately. "And am I really the only normal one here? Hajime-chan?" He turned to his last resort. "Oh who am I kidding. She probably doesn't know anything about seâ€"

With a snap of his fingers, Nice was by the younger girl's side and covering her ears. "Birthday! You should watch what you say around Hajime-chan's innocent ears!" He frowned at the other in disapproval.

Birthday could feel his jaws dropping. "Now you tell me off? After we've been talking about how you've been fucking Art seven ways toâ€"aw fuck. I give up!" He tossed his hands up in the air.

"I would appreciated it if you didn't, Birthday-san, as it seem you're the only sane person in this bar aside from myself," came a voice from behind him.

He looked back to find Art walking into the bar. He wasn't wearing his usual suit, but instead was wearing a casual button-down and jeans. His hair looked a tad disheveled and overall he seemed tired. Or pissed. Or both.

"Art! I told you to stay at home! You're in a delicate situation nowâ€"" Nice transported himself to Art's side using his Minimum.

"That is not what you use your Minimum for and I am not delicate. Nobody is pregnant. And you are a terrible cook!" Art ranted out in one breath, leaving his cheeks pink and him breathing heavily.

"Butâ€"

Art punched Nice on the head before the other could say another

word.

* * *

><p>"â€|.Masterpiece," Nice said randomly as they sat down for dinnerâ€"that Art cooked, thankfully.<p>

Art blinked, looking up at Nice, perplexed. "What?"

Nice smiled. "That would be our child's name. After all, Nice Art makes a Masterpiâ€""

Art smacked him as hard as he could.

~End

* * *

><p>End Notes: Uh...I'll leave now. Bye.

End
file.